Safe And Sound (SUTBM Oneshot)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37688500.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Video Blogging RPF, Minecraft (Video Game), DreamSMP
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & Technoblade, Wilbur Soot & Phil Watson, Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & Phil Watson
Characters:	Wilbur Soot, Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF), Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Karl Jacobs
Additional Tags:	War, Blood, Blood and Injury, Blood and Gore, Blood and Violence, Fire, Burns, Violence, Aftermath of Violence, Rated For Violence, Past Violence, Therapy, Song: Safe & Sound (Taylor Swift), Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Heavy Angst, Angst and Feels, Self-Harm, Suicide Attempt, Twins Wilbur Soot & Technoblade, Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Siblings, Technoblade is Bad at Feelings (Video Blogging RPF), Sad Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF), Technoblade Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF), Older Sibling Wilbur Soot, Wilbur Soot is Not Okay, Wilbur Soot Needs a Hug, Intersex Wilbur Soot, Intersex, Wilbur Soot is Not Ghostbur, Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF), Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Good Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Adoptive Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Mentioned TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF), Mentioned Karl Jacobs, Autism, Autism Spectrum, Canon Autistic Character, Autistic Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF), Ableism, Music, Inspired by Music, No Smut, No Sex, No Incest, Brothers, Brotherly Angst, Brotherly Love, Family Feels, Family Bonding, Sleepy Bois Inc as Family, Pre-Canon, Prequel, Character Death, Minor Character Death, Death, Canonical Character Death, Near Death Experiences, Near Death, Bombs, Bombing, Dream Team SMP Roleplay (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of [Love] Used To Be Mine
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-12 Words: 1,547 Chapters: 1/1

Safe And Sound (SUTBM Oneshot)

by [The1andonly_soup](#)

Summary

Techno wasn't one to be religious, but he was pretty sure he was born in Hell.
///
In other words, Technoblade and Wilbur, twins, were born in the middle of the Iraqi No-Fly Zone Conflict in 1997. They need to rely on their survival instincts, wits, and each other—as they can trust no-one else.

*Title taken from: https://youtu.be/RzhAS_GnJIc
*This oneshot is a small prequel to the main fic, "(S)he Used To Be Mine". You can read it on my account :)

Notes

This oneshot is a small prequel to the main fic, "(S)he Used To Be Mine". You can read it on my account :)

CW///War, blood, violence, dead bodies, death, self-harm, attempted suicide

I remember tears streaming down your face when I said I'll never let you go,
When all those shadows almost killed your light;

Techno wasn't one to be religious, but he was pretty sure he was born in Hell.

Ever since he could remember, he and his older brother, Wilbur, were stuck in an underground bunker, away from everyone with their mother. *For your own safety*, she'd say everytime Techno or Wilbur complained and begged to be outside.

Six-year-old Techno could hear the constant sound of explosions and fire outside, and, to occupy his time, he would leaf through a picture medical book, learning how to treat wounds and apply medication to things. It became his favorite book, because it made him feel *useful*.

One day, though, the underground bunker opened up, and it wasn't his mother. Wilbur shakily picked up a nearby pocketknife their mother left and aimed it at the man.

"Come any closer, and I will be forced to kill you." Wilbur's voice wavered.

"I'm not here to hurt you," a soft voice murmured. "Come, children; we are going to get you somewhere safe, alright?"

"How do we know we can trust you?" Techno asked, eyeing the soldier.

"I'm with the United States of America. You two look like your mother."

Techno studied the man, then shrugged. "Okay. But is Momma okay?"

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

Techno stared at the woman he'd called his mother, feeling betrayed.

"You're giving us up?!" Wilbur cried, shaking in front of the plane.

"I'm giving you a peaceful life," Mother murmured. "There's a difference. I need to fight here; you should live happily and normally."

She bent down and pulled Wilbur and Techno in for a hug. "I love you, baby."

She pulled away and gave them one last smile before turning and walking away.

Techno held Wilbur's hand, feeling numb as Wilbur sobbed. Their mother was horrible, Techno decided, and he shoved down any abd all sadness he felt at that moment.

A loud cannon noise sounded, and, the next thing Techno knew, he was watching as his mother screamed a terrible death.

Blood splattered everywhere, and the smell of burnt flesh stung in Techno's nose. A couple of fried body parts—which Techno identified as the spleen and part of the digestive system—landed at their feet, causing Wilbur to shriek and pull back.

"We need to get to the plane," Techno whispered, heart pounding wildly. He held back a whimper; his ears rang.

"O-Okay," Wilbur nodded, and the two children took off running across the bloody battlefield. Suddenly, an enemy slid right in front of them, holding flint and steel.

Techno and Wilbur skidded to a halt as the enemy came closer.

They spoke a different language, laughed, and picked up Wilbur's arms and—

The smell of burning flesh returned, and Wilbur's scream pierced Techno's ears.

Techno covered his ears, whining. *It's so loud.*

Techno spotted a gun on the enemy's waist and launched forward, snatching the gun. Before the enemy could even react, Techno aimed and fired the gun, directly at the enemy's head.

They froze for a moment,then fell to the ground, blood pooling out of their head.

Techno's hands shook, but he tossed the gun to the side. Wilbur had managed to get the fire out, but he was wailing.

"Come on," Techno said gently, motioning towards the plane.

Wilbur, although sniffling, followed behind Techno, and Techno held himself together...barely.

They entered the plane, and no-one was there. Techno climbed onto the seats and pulled out a first aid kit, demanded for Wilbur to sit down, and began to apply the proper medication to the wound.

"This is until we get help," Techno murmured.

Wilbur nodded, but he was still crying, so Techno began to hum to release nervous energy.

I remember you said "don't leave me here alone;"
But all that's dead and gone and passed tonight.

A US soldier entered the plane, and their face fell when they saw Techno bandaging Wilbur's hand.

"Hey," they said softly. "I'm going to get you two home, okay?"

Techno narrowed his eyes. "You better."

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

Just close your eyes: the sun is going down;
You'll be alright: no one can hurt you now;
Come morning light: you and I'll be safe and sound.

Techno laid in the bed below Wilbur's, staring up at the ceiling.

The moon was shining through the window, casting a silver glow. It was almost...peaceful.

Techno felt himself close his eyes.

<center>***</center>

Don't you dare look out your window, darling: everything's on fire;
The war outside our door keeps raging on;

Wilbur stayed away from the stove, breathing heavily.

Techno looked up from his book as Phil tried to calmly explain that he wasn't going to get hurt, but failing miserably.

Phil was a kind soul. He had decided to adopt Techno and Wilbur right on sight, and he didn't even care that Wilbur had both male and female parts, nor did he care that Techno was quiet and different from other kids.

"Hey, Wil, look at me," Phil murmured. "You don't have to go near the fire. But, I promise: for as long as I'm alive, I will do my best to not let you get hurt by fire."

Eight-year-old Wilbur sniffed. "Promise?"

Phil nodded. "I promise."

Wilbur held out a pinky. "*Pinky* promise?"

Phil gave Wilbur a warm smile, held up his pinky, and laced it with Wilbur's. "Pinky promise."

<center>***</center>

Hold onto this lullaby even when the music's gone, gone

Ten-year-old Wilbur stood onstage at school, holding a guitar. He looked at Techno, who was in the front row, and he took a deep breath.

"Hello everyone," Wilbur began. "My name is Wilbur Soot, and I'll be performing [Hotel California](#) by The Eagles."

Techno couldn't be more proud of his older brother.

<center>***</center>

Just close your eyes: the sun is going down;
You'll be alright: no one can hurt you now;
Come morning light: you and I'll be safe and sound.

Thirteen-year-old Techno was rocking back and forth on the ground, shaking as kids pointed and laughed.

"Look at that retard!"

"He can't handle a balloon popping! That girly idiot!"

"What a freak!"

When Techno went home that day, he told Phil, who sighed and pulled Techno in for a hug.

"What is wrong with me?" Techno asked through tears.

"There's nothing wrong with you," Phil murmured, running his finger's through Techno's long pink hair. "People are just mean."

"Aren't I autistic or something? Doesn't that make me stupid?"

"No, Techno. It just means you learn at a different pace than others, and that's okay. You are an intelligent boy."

Techno wanted to believe Phil so bad.

<p align="center">***</p>

Just close your eyes.

Techno didn't know why he did this.

One minute, he was fine, and the next, he was spiraling into a depressive episode, running the blade of a knife across his arm.

It hurt, but it felt...like he was doing the right thing.

He was punishing the beast he was.

He killed someone. He was stupid. He was ugly.

He was fourteen.

He had hurt a girl's feelings.

But, then again... [Boys will be bugs](), right?

...

Techno cut himself again.

<p align="center">***</p>

You'll be alright.

He was sixteen and ready to end his life.

Standing on a chair in their front yard, Techno put his head through the loop of the rope. He would have to do this quick; Wilbur would be coming home from the store soon, and Phil would be coming off work.

Techno's hands shook, and he took a deep breath. He had gotten everything in order: a note, explaining everything, and one last "I love you" to his twin brother and adoptive father.

Techno jumped.

It wasn't high enough.

Techno then realized.

I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

Techno tried to scream, and he was beginning to black out when he heard the sound of a car pulling into the driveway.

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

Come morning light, you and I'll be safe and sound.

Techno sat in Dr. Jacobs's office, quietly munching on some chips while Phil sat beside him.

Techno was anxiously fiddling with a stim toy, and he was waiting for the hatred that was sure to come.

"It's nice to see you, Techno," Dr. Jacobs's said softly. "I'm Karl, and I'll be your therapist, alright?"

Techno nodded.

Karl gave Techno a soft smile. "I'm proud of you for coming in today. Let's start off with that."

Techno relaxed. He was safe.

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

Techno's eyebrows furrowed. "Slow down, Phil. I don't understand."

"There's a kid who needs to get away from his house, and we're going to be his shelter," Phil said, tossing a dirty shirt into the laundry basket.

Wilbur fluffed up the pillows in the guest bedroom with a sigh. "It's simple, Techno: this boy needs help. He's stuck with transphobic parents, and that's something no-one wants to deal with."

"Okay," Techno drawled, "but what's his name?"

"Tommy Innit," Phil answered, wrinkling a nose at a smelly piece of pizza hiding under the bed. "How old *is* this thing? Techno, can you take it outside?"

Techno's mind wandered as he went outside to the garbage can. Dropping it inside, his chest felt warm at the name *Tommy Innit*.

Tommy Innit.

Sounds like a good name for a new brother.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!